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THE STUDENT'S PEN
OCTOBER, 1933

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THE STUDENT'S PEN
OCTOBER, 1933

October, 1933

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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No. 1

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIAL	5
LITERATURE	8
POETRY	13
ESSAYS AND SPECIALS	15
THE STORY OF HI-Y	20
A WORD FROM THE WISE	22
WHO'S WHO	24
BOOK LOVER'S CORNER	26
SCHOOL NOTES	27
ATHLETICS	30
CHILDREN'S COLUMN	35
EXCHANGES	36
DRIPPINGS FROM THE PEN	38





It is with great pride and optimism that THE STUDENT'S PEN staff dedicate their first issue of the term to that new but most welcome visitor to our school, the "purple and white eagle". The splendid action of our Senior A class in their resolve to contribute wholeheartedly to athletics and THE PEN, and the resulting decisions of the successive undergraduate classes is decisive evidence that the students of P. H. S. can be counted on to support enthusiastically their school program.



THE STUDENT AND "THE PEN"



FEW high schools can point out among their possessions a school magazine of such quality as THE STUDENT'S PEN. THE PEN is rich in tradition and glory and has ranked for a great many years among the best high school magazines in the country. Many times it has been ranked in the highest division in the annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association conventions. Among its former editors and contributors one finds an imposing list of college and professional journalists. A few years ago an editorial stated that "if you miss a PEN, you lose a month". The magazine has always been known as a true representative of the best talents the school can offer. It is as important to the high school as are athletics and debating teams. A person graduates from high school with his collection of PENS one of his most valuable possessions. Through them he can relive in later years those important high school days.

Yet there are among us those who feel that they have no desire to be interested in THE PEN and who pass it up. On being questioned for a suitable reason for such an action, the majority of these students would answer that they had never read a PEN or that they didn't think it was worth a nickel a week.

Now first of all, let's clear up the status of your weekly nickel. Three-fourths of the entire collection goes toward the maintenance of our athletic teams, and the rest covers a small part of the cost of publishing THE PEN. No sane person can possibly declare a nickel a week exorbitant, especially when we consider what is received in return, namely: A Student's ticket, which cuts the cost of tickets to games considerably, and the monthly STUDENT'S PEN. A person who does not receive a PEN every month may be classed as one who does not wish to help athletics or his school magazine, the two major activities, and is, therefore, a person whose interest, as far as school is concerned, is centered upon nothing but himself. No one has to pay his weekly nickel; we all know that that is voluntary. Neither must one wash his face in the morning. He just does it. The same attitude with modifications might be applied to the weekly collection for it is certainly an honor and a privilege to be able to help our athletics and to support a magazine like THE PEN.

As for the contents of THE PEN—make it what you will. Inasmuch as it is essentially a school activity its policy is not a closed one. All manuscripts, drawings, and suggestions left in the PEN Box or given to the editors will receive the utmost attention.

Editor

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

MANY high schools and practically all colleges in the country have adopted some form of student government. Essentially the plan is as follows: the students elect school officers, whose duty it is to promote school activities and to be the students' representative. They, together with delegates elected from each class, form a school board or court to try offenders and decide on punishments in all cases arising from infractions of the school rules. Often this plan is combined with the honor system; here each student is honor-bound to report anyone whom he sees cheating in class.

As an example of the benefits derived from student government, we mention the case of a student at one of the large state colleges of the East. He had cheated during an important test and had also stolen some railroad mileage books. Promptly he was expelled by the student board. Some years later he met a classmate he had known in school. When the talk turned to college days, he mentioned the above incident, then added: "You know, I never did return those mileage books. . . . But that affair did me good; I've never stolen or cheated since." And today he has kept his position throughout the depression with a large manufacturing concern partly because of his reputation for fearless honesty.

This is an example of one of the benefits of student government. Under good leadership it also tends to create a better and finer sense of school spirit, to train leaders, and to aid extra-curricula activities. Therefore, we urge its adoption in Pittsfield High.

Charles Kline, Jr.

LETTERS AND ASSEMBLIES

IF MEMORY serves us correctly, it would seem that no assemblies marked the awarding of letters to the baseball, basketball, track and hockey teams of last year. Such a situation is wrong and steps should be taken to remedy it.

The awarding of letters is certainly one of the most important of school activities and should be treated as such by having the entire school take part in it. Only a small percentage of the student body are privileged to wear the school insignia and they should be awarded it with a proper ceremony. It is certainly due them as they have worked hard enough to earn their school letter, one of the prime honors a high school student may attain. Our auditorium is used freely for outside speakers to display their talents, and this is all very good, but it would not suffer in the least if a program primarily and totally a school activity were presented. Such assemblies would also afford appropriate opportunities to honor and thank the coaches for their services. Furthermore, they would infuse a great deal more interest and enthusiasm throughout the school about the athletic teams and their games. Finally the athlete himself will entertain a different attitude toward his letter and what it stands for, and will be able to experience an inward glow of satisfaction as he reads on his certificate that "_____ the award of this P is made as a testimonial of appreciation of his work for the school".

Irving Michelman

A NEW TERM

SCHOOL is once more under way. Without doubt, many of us feel a tendency to read such an opening sentence with a cynical sense of deep regret. We, perhaps, feel that great injustices are being wrought upon us. Resentfully we contemplate the turn of affairs that have taken place. First of all, we lament the lack of clubs, a great loss, to be sure. Then we add fuel to the fire of dissatisfaction by pointing out the difficulties our athletic teams work under. Off to such a good start more faults are soon easily enumerated, until by the time we have given full vent to our deepest indignation, we are convinced that man was never in such a serious predicament or faced with more overwhelming odds than the poor student of P. H. S. *But are we really so badly off?* The answer is most emphatically "No!"

The very fact that we have such a beautiful and modern high school should assuage our deepest hurts. Do we realize that but a few years ago high school students were forced to study in a school so antiquated and outgrown that the students were obliged to attend it in two sessions and were forced to share diminutive desks with others? These students had a lunchroom which was just about large enough to accommodate a grammar school, and their lab and auditorium could not be compared with ours. If we attended that school for just one week, no imagination would be required to regard this school as Utopia. Are we unfortunate?

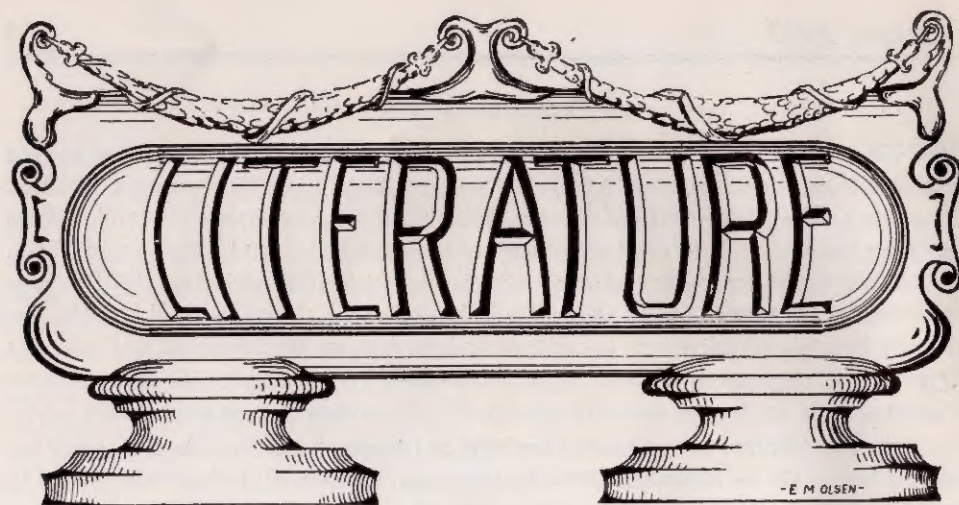
We regret our athletic situation. In previous years our teams have been just as much and more handicapped. When we realize what a fine thing Chuck Stewart is doing in coaching the team, and that we have the new Common to play on, can we honestly admit that we are in a sad predicament?

We sorrow over the loss of clubs. It is a little known fact, but nevertheless disturbingly true, that our teachers per person have comparatively the hardest teaching burden among the cities of western Massachusetts. We can't expect clubs. Yet our instructors have been interested and loyal enough to produce faculty plays for our benefit, and to give their time to numerous other student activities. The loss of clubs is not too great a burden for the student to bear.

So we see, we are really not afflicted with such numerous handicaps after all and even these can be overcome. We must overcome them by entering into every school activity with greater spirit and enthusiasm. We must maintain the old standards and ideals of Pittsfield High School, and, if possible improve upon them, so that in future years we may be able to look back on our high school days with pride and joy.

I. M.

The striking cover design is the work of Kenneth Gogan, who chose for his subject the Indian monument on the Mohawk Trail. October motorists find this beautiful monument and its colorful surroundings one of the highlights of the trail.



DISASTER



NIGHT casts its oppressive shadow over a dull, meaningless world. Material things give way to vague, misty forms. Everything seems to lose shape and distinctness. Come with me, if you will, those who have stout hearts, come with me and visit Padoff,—Padoff the vampire.

It was a cold, dark night. A penetrating wind, howling in fiendish glee, drove an icy rain through the ancient, deserted street along which I was walking. In the distance, I could hear the faint tapping of a cane on the hard asphalt pavement. A figure loomed up and, to my surprise, addressed me.

"It is late for a man to be out," were its first words.

The voice, harsh and discordant, made a disagreeable impression upon me and as I allowed my eyes to wander over the lower portion of his body, I was horrified by that twisted, broken trunk. His statement, which might have passed as an idle observation from a more pleasant personality, seemed in this case, to be an insult. It was as if he insinuated that I was afraid. I could not keep my voice free from irritation when I answered.

"Not at all, it's only past sundown."

"No offense meant," he mumbled. "People don't pass by here this late very often."

He was so decent about it that I was a little ashamed of my ill temper and adopted a more friendly tone.

"I am just returning from a call; you see, I am a doctor."

"Indeed. Perhaps then, you have heard of me. I am Dr. Serge Padoff. Three years ago I mysteriously—so the papers say—disappeared while in the midst of an important experiment. Tonight, I have successfully terminated my work. I wish to show it to someone who will understand it and then, for the first time in three years, I shall do something to enjoy myself. I shall play my organ. You, Doctor, shall be the first man to see the fruits of my labor."

Who among you has not heard of Dr. Serge Padoff, the wizard of the scalpel? The man who, some people say, was on the verge of discovering the cure for that ravager of the living, —cancer,—when he disappeared from the face of the earth. Needless to say, I was much flattered by this invitation from the great scientist and readily assented to go to his home.

October, 1933

[9]

As we walked along the street together he remarked that he would see that entertainment was not lacking on this festive occasion.

How ironically true were his words!

We approached his house, an old mansion, surrounded by a dilapidated white fence. As he opened the gate, a groaning protest escaped from its rusted hinges. In the yard overgrown by rank weeds and grass, a tall tree, its leafless branches swaying in the howling wind, rose weirdly into the night. Padoff tapped three times upon the weather-beaten old door, and a sound, as if from the fluttering wings of a bat, came to my ears. Then, the door swung silently open.

"Enter," he said.

I walked into a large magnificently appointed room. The furnishings were arranged with such harmony and taste that I was not conscious of a single jarring note. My host led me to an organ and seated himself before it.

"What shall I play?" he asked.

"Anything you like," I said as I accepted the chair he nodded at, "I am no judge of music."

He began to play. That music. How queer it was. It seemed as though each note passing through my ear was laden with some sleep inspiring drug. I was being lulled into unconsciousness. Yet there was something in my brain, some fear, some apprehension of evil that forced me to keep my eyes open.

What a sight greeted me! Red, blazing eyes, wolflike teeth, leaden skin, an awful sunken mouth. He had left the organ and was coming toward me. I lay back into my chair frozen with an immobility so complete that it seemed as if my very heart had ceased to beat.

"Blood!" he croaked. "I must have blood!"

Could it be true? Could there be such a thing—a thing thirsting for my blood? Then there came to my mind the recollection of a fiction story—a story concerning an evil thing, no longer alive, yet having the power to wreak havoc and destruction upon the living.

I could not break the spell that bound me to my chair. I could not cry out for help. Yet I saw that horribly twisted body coming on—on. Its bloodshot eyes were points of flaming lust—sharp teeth bared—bending over me—seeking my throat. Then darkness—unconsciousness.

Screams of bestial rage beat against my consciousness and finally awakened me. My eyes swept the room and then returned to the floor, fascinated by what they saw there.

An old hag, Padoff's servant, had crept in upon us. She had waited until Padoff had bent over me before attacking him. There they were tearing at each other like wild beasts.

"Give me my share! My share!" she screeched. "I have as much right to him as you!"

She had in her hand a knife which she drove repeatedly into his body without any appreciable effect. They battled in that dim room while I, their victim, remained as if rooted to the spot by some invisible power.

It was then that I made my first effort to win my freedom. I concentrated my whole mind upon standing up—up. Beads of perspiration stood out upon my forehead. Would I never stand up? I had a feeling that once I had straightened my back I would be free of the dread paralysis that had seized me. At last I was up. It was true. I was free of that horrible numbness. I could move, and I did. It was none too soon. As I ran toward the door,

Padoff and his servant ceased their combat and pursued me. To wrench the door open took but a second. Racing through the yard, struggling through the underbrush that sought to keep me back, fighting off the grasping tentacles of vines, I strove with a mad frenzy to reach the road and safety; for something told me that I would be safe if I could leave Padoff's evil house behind.

But I caught my foot in a root and they were upon me! There was an indescribable feeling of being torn apart—a terrible weakness as my blood drained, and then—oblivion.

I have had a fever, they tell me. I have lost strength and must get it back by eating lots of nourishing food. Liars! Do they think I cannot hear what they whisper in the hall outside my room? Do they think I cannot see their looks of pity and compassion—mingled with aversion and horror? The thought of food is nauseating to me. I cannot eat! Instead of a desire for food there is an insane craving for blood. Oh God in Heaven! I cannot believe that I am one of the living dead.

Harold Feldman

AUTUMN'S CALL

A scarlet leaf came whirling by
In fluttering, aimless fall;
Merely a leaf, and yet to me
It sounded Autumn's call.

To follow free the open road,
With every bend a thrill;
To gaze, enraptured, at the view
From secret friendly hill.

To watch again the southward flight
Of birds across the sky;
To wander 'neath the glowing oaks,
Where leaves and acorns lie.

To feel the freedom of the wind
That swirls the drying leaves;
To know again, the solitude
And peace of sleeping trees.

All this and more was told me
By a leaf in downward fall,
And so I heard the challenge
And answered Autumn's call.

Mary O'Boyle, '35

EPISODE

IT WAS the dirtiest, dingiest room human eyes had ever beheld. All available chairs were strewn with soggy damp clothing; the floor and table were littered with dirty dishes and the empty recipients of last week's milk. In the midst of this disorder two lean children were fighting, and their wild shrieks accompanied each scrawny thrust. Finally a tall, gaunt woman in a soiled blue wrapper, coming from some inner recess, pulled the squirming bits of humanity apart and, after administering a resounding cuff, started with a feeble effort to straighten the room. But upsetting a pan of cold, soapy water upon the faded carpet, she shrugged her shoulders and went to the window to gaze on the ash cans assembled in the court below. Although she was not yet thirty-five, her unkempt hair was already streaked with gray and fell in matted, lifeless confusion to her shoulders. Her eyes were sunken and feverishly bright. Her cheeks were hollowed impressions in a face streaked with the remnants of many yesterdays' cosmetics. She leaned over the sill but, as the rank odor which pervaded the court below immediately rose to greet her, she drew sharply back with a muttered oath.

"Janey," she addressed one half-dressed child, "go wake your Pa and tell 'im 'e can get 'is own breakfast." (This was the usual morning procedure.) The child toddled obediently through the doorway and could be heard yelling at the top of her lungs for her father to "get up like Ma said."

In the meantime Mrs. Smith—we shall call her Mrs. Smith because she is like the hundreds of other Mrs. Smiths who dwell in this world of ours and always will—pushed and dragged a three-legged table—the piece of wood attached to the fourth end would hardly be called a leg—into the middle of the room and proceeded to set places for breakfast. First she placed two handleless cups upon two broken saucers, and after filling them with a grayish liquid commonly called evaporated milk, deposited them with a bang on the top of the aforesaid festive board. One cup, with a last effort at adding to the general disorder, twisted to and fro on the saucer and fell sideways onto the table, its contents running in a dirty, wet stream down the crack in the center.

"If you don't come now—" Mrs. Smith began, when a burly man entered the room, drawing on a striped shirt, much the worse for wear. His beady eyes, bloodshot and swollen, and his cheeks, puffy and red, gave evidence to his amusement of the night preceding.

"If I ever spend another night like the last one, I hope I'm shot," he exploded.

The only answer he received was a philosophical "At least I'd 'ave the insurance, though it ain't much."

Later eating mouldy bread and drinking foul coffee to the accompaniment of the tune of the children gulping down their cereal, he again broached the subject of the preceding night.

"I only went 'cause I thought there'd be a job in it," he stated, half in defense, half in arbitration.

"Yes, and spent our last sixpence drinking liquor," the woman retorted. "Well, you lickety-split out of here today and find one and take one of 'em brats with you; I can't stand the two."

"All right, Mamie," he consoled, "I'll take 'em both to a picture-show with the half-penny I got left—"

"No, you don't," she shrieked, "I suppose while they're having a swell time, I can die in this place and you wouldn't care; if anybody's going it's me, I can tell you that," and her whining voice rose higher and higher on waves of passion as her hurt vanity refused to be consoled. The half hour which ensued heard the whining voice, now shaking with passion, now sobbing with unsuppressed sobs, lament its terrible fate. One of the children, dropping his cereal bowl, silenced the discussion for a time at least.

There followed a morning of half-hearted attempts at making beds, and cleaning the diningroom-kitchen-parlor of its piles of sodden grey clothes and its litter of milk bottles. The children after much screaming and fighting had descended the stairs to play in the gutter with the neighbors' children.

Soon the noon whistles blew, and the cathedral bells chimed. Then the afternoon with its torrid heat descended upon the tenement house. The blistering sun beat unmercifully down on a parched world.

At four o'clock as Mrs. Smith was sorting more soiled clothes and washing more milk bottles, heavy footsteps ascended the stairs. A sharp knock landed on the partly-opened door.

"Mrs. Smith?" a gruff voice asked.

"Yeh, but I don't want no books, subscriptions, work-savers, nor dirt catchers, no—"

The owner of the voice felt himself obliged to interrupt. With a slight cough, he said, "Well, it ain't that, you see, it's your husband—he—he's dead.—He fell under a truck—drunk, you know. It happened real quick."

"At least I 'ave the insurance, though it ain't much," she rasped with a philosophical shrug of her shoulders.

Betty Bickford

SILHOUETTE IN BLACK

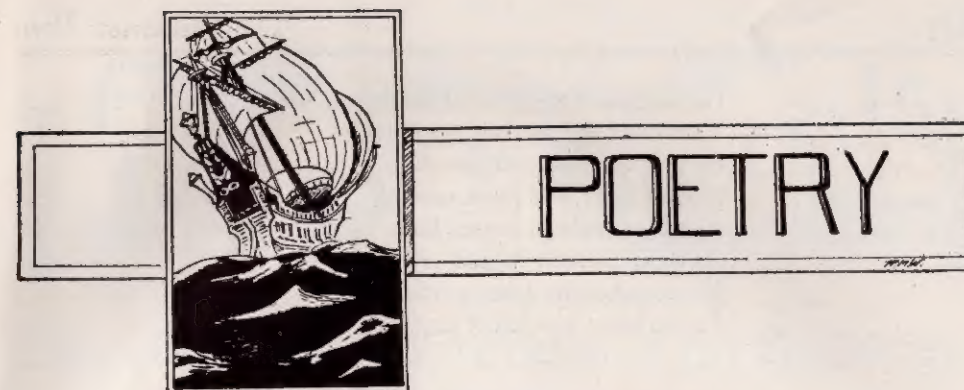
I heard a pine tree
Sighing in the wind
Swaying back and forth like a sinner who'd sinned;

With its gaunt black arms
Raised to the sky
Beckoning for pardon to God on high;

With its lone dark form
Like a woman in black
Outlined against the night, a mourner in sack;

Who has heard the pine tree
Sighing in the wind
Swaying back and forth like a woman who'd sinned?

I. E. Lehmann



OSSEO—A MARTYR

I

Mishi-Mukwa paced his lodge floor
Paced it with exceeding anguish,
For his son, the great Osseo,
From the big hunt had returned not:
Not one hunter knew where he was,
He had slipped away unnoticed
While the gentle deer they hunted
While they chased the mighty black bear.

He had stalked a timid roebuck
Far into the age-old forest,
Where he killed and skinned his quarry.
But the others left without him
Thinking him amongst their numbers
Never doubting he was with them,
While, in truth, he was afar off
Fighting with a monstrous grizzly.

When at last he plunged his sharp knife
Through the heart of his opponent,
Dusk was falling o'er the forest,
So he turned his footsteps southward
To the village of the Mohawks—
To his father's friends, the Mohawks,
Where he was received with welcome,
And his famous deeds related.

In the morning, as the sun rose,
They provided him with raiment,
For his own was torn and ragged,
From his struggle with the great bear.
And he bought from them a pony,
Then he bade them all a farewell,
As he rode into the forest,
Toward the village of his people.

As he rode up to the tepee
Of his father—he was greeted
By his people's shouts of welcome,
By his mother and his father,
As they hurried from their lodges
To receive him, and to prepare
A feast for the returned chief's son
Returned to his people's village.

* * * *

II

Osseo's heart was filled with grief,
For his father, Misha-Mukwa,
From this green earth had departed
To the land of the Great Spirit.
They had buried his bow of ash
And a quiver full of arrows,
So, of food he might have plenty
In his future habitation.

Young Osseo now was chieftain,
Chief of all the Narragansetts,
And he promised to be faithful
To protect them, and to lead them,
In the paths of the Great Spirit.
So that they might not stray far off
Down the trails of evil doing,
And in that wilderness be lost.

Long he fasted with the head priests,
All the sacred rites performed he
So he might be sure that his soul
Was pure, as had been his father's.
E'en the thought of that great chieftain,
Gave him courage and inspired him
To do many great and good deeds
For his village and his people.

He was hailed the greatest chieftain
That had ruled the Narragansetts.
He was very just and peaceful
Kind of heart, and noble minded,
And his people all obeyed him,
As good children do their fathers.
His punishments were never cruel
For his heart was full of pity.

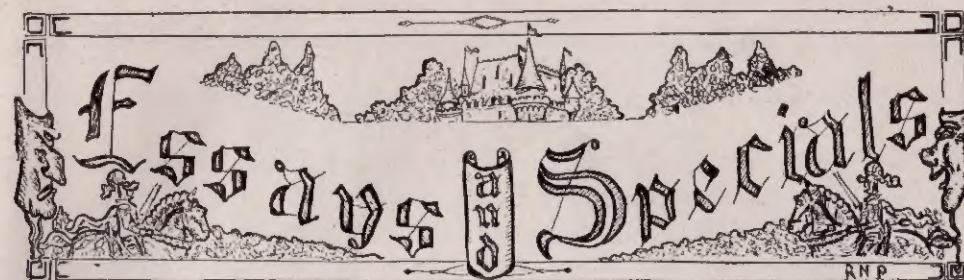
His braves never wore their war paint,
Never went they on the warpath.
They were taught by good Osseo
Other ways of gaining glory
Than by warring other nations,
Burning camps and raiding white men,
And such means of depredation.

His men readily believed him,
And they set about improving.
That year's harvest was prolific,
Indian corn they had in plenty.
Had to build two extra lodges
So that they might store their harvest,
From the elements of nature
And from loss by thieving rodents.

In the land of the Mohicans,
Many tribes were on the warpath,
And it grieved Osseo greatly
That these tribes should fight together.
Forth he rode with a peace party
Striving to bring peace among them,
But their hearts were filled with hatred
And they would not listen to him.

They were angry at his meddling,
And they turned upon, and slayed him,
His braves bore him home in sorrow,
For he was by all beloved.
After many years of goodness
Thus he went to join his father
In the country to the westward
To the land of the Great Spirit.

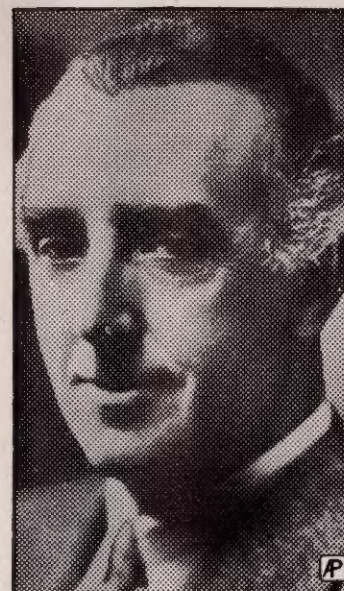
Roberta Bufe, '35



"RUY BLAS" FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

by

Marguerite Donna, Ritamae Stephenson
Richard Stevenson



WALTER HAMPDEN

Pittsfield recently had the unique opportunity of witnessing the World's Premiere of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas", a drama modernized and reconstructed by Brian Hooker, with Walter Hampden playing a dual role.

It seemed like old times, for, through the main streets of the city, came the Hampden Company's iron-wheeled, loud rumbling wagons, drawn by four horses. These were decidedly not ordinary wagons, but rather two nearly forgotten "scenery wagons". Such a sight is, indeed, unusual, but Mr. Hampden chooses to have his scenery moved by this nearly extinct means, just as it was in Hugo's time.

Through the very kind efforts of Mr. McNamara, who sponsored this production, it was made possible for three PEN reporters to gain an interview with Walter Hampden. The most striking characteristic of the

actor is his entire naturalness. Hampden exercises a distinct fascination because of his quiet dignity and personal charm. Yet something more than charm is his, something inexplicable, and, for that reason, powerful—something oddly appealing and compellingly attractive. The unassuming Ruy Blas listened courteously to the questions of the student reporters, and responded in simple, clear-cut diction.

The famed actor's first appearance was in Brighton, England, with F. R. Benson's company. He took the part of King Henry's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, in the play "King Henry V". His one line was, "I hope they will not come upon us now", to which the reply was made, "We are in God's hands, brother."

Mr. Hampden enjoys playing Shakespeare, especially "Hamlet". He has no favorite role, but feels that there is a personal expression of himself in "Hamlet".

Concerning the teaching of Shakespeare in the schools, Mr. Hampden said, "I do not believe in teaching Shakespeare, for it destroys the real beauty of it. There is no glamour in things which are taught. If a student is forced to read Shakespeare, to study the construction of a play, it becomes monotonous and uninteresting. The mere fact that he has to do so

makes that duty become a task. People should be 'permitted' to read Shakespeare for enjoyment."

Hampden stressed the fact that "people are people, no matter where they are." Said he, "I have played in America, in Canada, in England, but I would not say that audiences abroad are, in any way, different or better than audiences in this country. In New York, however, there are cliques made up of the usual group which invariably attends 'first nights'. They go for the purpose of appearance, rather than because they are genuinely interested in the performance. I like the audiences in this section because they give a true response to the plays."

He explained that one difficulty in regard to the theatre is "its dependence upon the public."

"Of course, it's a gambling business," he said. "A piece may be valid and good, but unless the public supports it, it cannot prosper. Unless a group constantly demands and finances drama, it cannot succeed."

The philosophy of the man is most interesting—"Everything is for enjoyment."

Hampden finances his own company, which is composed of fifty members, one-half of whom have traveled with him for ten years. Miss Catherine Wilson, who played the part of the queen, appeared for the first time in this company. She had previously played for a year on Broadway.

Having been admitted to the dress rehearsal, we had the opportunity of drawing an excellent parallel between a metropolitan dress rehearsal and an actual performance. While the rehearsal lacked none of the beauty of the performance, it was not so vigorous. Ruy Blas, in the presence of an audience, gave a far better portrayal of the man than he did when the theatre was supposedly unoccupied. Don Cesar was a rollicking character in the final tryout, but he lived throughout the performance. This was true of all the other characters. Rehearsals are not nearly so vivid and forceful as are public performances.

Hampden's cleverness in covering up an unforeseen accident which arose during the performance because Don Sallustio had neglected to wear his sword up on the stage led to a bit of supreme acting by the star. The script calls for the murder of the unscrupulous Don by his own sword in the hands of Ruy Blas. The sword not being available Ruy Blas proceeded to do some very effective choking. It is the humble opinion of the PEN's reporters that this oversight by Sallustio heightened and intensified the dramatic tenor of the last act. Death by choking seemed a much more deserved fate for the Don than the more honorable death by the sword.

Attending the first night performance were many satellites of the stage and newspaper world. Chief among these was Clayton Hamilton, the world's foremost dramatic critic. Mr. Hamilton, when asked



MR. McNAMARA
Managing Director of COLONIAL

between the acts to comment on the response of the audience stated that it was "most satisfactory". The applause after the last curtain substantiated Mr. Hamilton's theory.

Another famous personage who attended the opening was Brian Hooker, the revisor of Hugo's drama. When the opportunity for questioning him arrived, the curtain rose for the next act. Mr. Hooker took advantage of the situation and disappeared. Mr. Hamilton had explained when he introduced Hooker that the writer was of a retiring nature and seldom interviewed.

When the lights were dimmed in the old Colonial Monday night, and the doors locked, a new page in dramatic history had been written, a page of triumph for the foremost actor of the American stage, Walter Hampden. The acceptance of the characterization of Ruy Blas bids well to rival that of Cyrano de Bergeac.

CROWDS

I HAVE always been fascinated by crowds. They have a peculiar attraction—those jammed masses of humanity, all out for some set purpose, whether it is violence or pleasure. They push and jostle; we can read each person's character by his actions.

This particular crowd was bent on pleasure and was the largest that I have ever seen. It was Illinois Day, and Chicago seemed to have turned out in full force. Every bus and every trolley going to the fair grounds was crowded as full as possible. There were long lines of people waiting at the ticket windows; people with small children whining or laughing, squalling babies and their cross mothers, bored girls dragging small brother or sister by the hand. Here we saw a stout, perspiring man, who really seemed to have "from a farm" written all over him. There we saw a pair of newly-weds with a blissful expression. Those two were even enjoying the crowded entrance which was very colorful with its policemen in red, black, and white, its blue-uniformed gatemen, and the gay crowd.

Then we were through the gate, with another crowd surging up. They were yelling: "Buy a guide book," "Souvenirs", "Don't Miss the Skyride", "Want a Carriage, lady?" and so on. They were like an army, those who were selling. Again the crowd of sightseers engulfed us and we drifted with them past the Belgian village down toward the Avenue of Flags. There were little comedies enacted, here and there, for someone was sure to be hobbling to a bench to rest a pair of aching feet. Every bench was crowded. We saw stout women eating frozen custard, and other people drinking coca-cola or grapefruit juice.

Outside the Travel and Transport Building there were long lines of people waiting to go through the Royal Scot and other trains that were ranged side by side. There were fidgety girls in Marlene Dietrich trousers and others in brilliant red or green costumes with matching shoes or gloves. There were bored men with guidebook-clutching wives and a number of genuinely interested persons who were impatiently waiting their turn.

Everywhere one could hear radios blaring popular music, advertisements, and messages.

Finally the Illinois Day parade came by, and we had to squeeze through the crowd in order to get even a glimpse of the soldiers. Most of the people were lining the streets, except for those who had succumbed to temptation and were resting blistered feet.

It was a queer, gay, restless crowd, typical of American people of the middle class, all seeking something new in that great gathering place—the Century of Progress Exposition.

Dorothea Harrington

THE TRIALS OF MR. GROCER

WITH PUFFING CHEEKS and red nose, the poor grocer deals out his stock. Little do we realize the trouble we cause this man. Seldom do we regard him as a human being like ourselves, but as some mechanical device ready to hand out whatever is called for at a moment's notice.

Picture him behind a heavy counter, waiting on a fussy old maid who doesn't know whether she wants a can of sardines, which is on the second shelf left, or a box of crackers which is still in the case. By the time she is fully determined to try a bottle of "that sauce" which is directly above him, he has developed some excess steam to blow off.

Or maybe some expensive-looking foreign car drives up to the door, a liveried chauffeur steps over the threshold and proceeds to give him an enormous order. He smiles inwardly, picturing the good man handing over several bills of large denomination. Then he says, "Charge it to Mrs. Van Hay's account, please." Immediately the grocer's balloon of anticipation collapses and he falls suspiciously like weeping.

Then again, there is the tiny housewife who comes bustling in as if she had but a moment to spare. What does she want?

"Mr. Grocer, have you any chops to-day?"

"Yes, madame, some excellent ones."

"Well, if they're not too fat or not too lean and if they haven't much bone I'd like one for Jackie."

The grocer, putting forth his best efforts to make the chops appealing, asks if Jackie is going to school.

"Oh no. Jackie is my pet dog."

As she leaves in a hurry, he decides never to sell any more meat. And who could blame him?

Now comes the little, besmudged tot, who slams the door, marches majestically over to the candy case, and says "Gimme a cent's worth of them little round things."

Down on his knees goes Mr. Grocer, and patiently counts the correct amount of the "little round things". When he rises his head accidentally strikes against the shelf above, and over goes a box of walnuts. Groans come from the irate proprietor. Then the little tot pipes up, (for by this time he is so frightened by the look on Mr. Grocer's face that "pipe" is the only adequate word to express the strange noise), "Never mind, Mr. Grocer, I can get more for my money across the street." Don't be surprised if Mr. Grocer goes for the cleaver.

In a moment, somebody's grandpa comes limping in.

"My, fine dill pickles you have to-day, Mr. Grocer. How much be they?"

And quick-fingered grandpa spears one with the big fork, smacking his lips with delight. So around the store he goes, first eating a handful of peanuts, now an apple; next a big doughnut, and lastly a banana or maybe a few slices of cut meat. Mr. Grocer sees the debit side of his profit and loss statement slowly exceed the credit. Finally grandpa, who has had quite a meal by this time, chirps, "Oh, Mr. Grocer, do you happen to have any stamps handy? 'Ud like to buy a penny one to put on a postcard."

Poor Mr. Grocer! Don't you pity him?

Lastly there appears the smart young man who says, "Package of cigs." There follows a rain of coins under, over, and everywhere but on the counter. Do you doubt that the dejected grocer is ready to sell out the very next day?

So let this be a lesson to you who intend to be grocers. You must devote your life to serving mankind with unfailing patience and a strong will power. It is characteristic of human beings to feel important by making some poor man run his legs off for them, and in this case the victim is our innocent friend, the grocer.

Pauline Bradway

SENT TO THE OFFICE

FEW OFFICE GIRLS seem to realize the torturing part they play in a student's life. Calling such and such a person to the office is their daily routine, but to the specified student it is a new and hideous form of torture. Unlike usual methods of torture this one can be, and is applied to a student innumerable times during his high school career. Some eventually become sufficiently inured to this intolerable agony so that they can maintain a stoical countenance when the blow falls, but the greater part regard the official summons as the devil's own voice calling them to their doom. I belong to the latter class.

Immersed in studying out the intricacies of an algebraic problem in logarithms recently, I failed to hear the raucous buzz of the study hall telephone. However, the shrill voice of the teacher shot through me like a knife, "Carpenter wanted in the office at once." A shiver ran as slowly up my spine as a small boy shinnies up a tree. The blood pulsed through my face in an overwhelming tide and then receded, leaving me looking as if I had seen the ghost of Abraham Lincoln. I rose unsteadily to my feet and groped my way to the door. What had happened now? A clammy sweat broke out on me as I realized that this was the time when notices of flunking were being handed out.

The long corridor was empty. Never had it seemed so forbidding, so threatening. How much it resembled the gloomy passageway to the underworld, as described in Roman myths, along which Orpheus travelled in his search for his loved one. The echo of my halting footsteps reverberating up and down the corridor was the only sound to be heard. Never had I more fervently wished to be back in a classroom studying Latin, French, history—anything.

However, the end was in sight. It would only be a few minutes more now. I thrust my hands nervously into my pockets and attempted, after a fashion, to enter the office as a dignified senior should. My heart thumped a tattoo in time with the clock, and renewed chills seized me. The office girl turned around and, having asked my name which I endeavored to give in a stuttering voice, smilingly said, "We just wished to know whether you would be willing to act as a guide tomorrow afternoon for a group of parents."

The unintelligible groan which burst from my mouth was taken for an affirmative answer, and I was dismissed to my room. Never can I remember how I reached the study-hall, but I seem to have a very, very faint recollection of skipping through the corridor, being stopped and reprimanded by a horrified teacher, and resuming the undignified march after a protecting corner hid me from view.

This torture is the only form now in use by the so-called civilized race, and I am a firm believer that either it should be completely stopped or radically modified. If the office girl had ever been through such an experience, I am sure she would absolutely refuse to be a participant in such a crime. However, apparently she hasn't, and often the terrified thought strikes me that this torture can be and will be applied in the future.

Stanley S. Carpenter '34

THE STORY OF HI-Y

By Reid Besserer

Ed. Note: Reid Besserer and the Hi-Y Clubs are two of our High School's most beneficial influences. In fact, the two are analogous for Reid has been outstanding in developing Hi-Y in Berkshire County and bringing it into the prominent position it now holds in school and community life. This is the first of a series of four consecutive articles by leaders of Pittsfield projects definitely related to the Pittsfield High School boy and girl. Mr. McKenna, a faculty member and leader of F. M. T. A. Boys' Work, will write the November article.



REID BESSERER

CALVIN SUMNER, Boys' Work Secretary of the Pittsfield Y. M. C. A., organized the first Hi-Y Club in the world in 1911 at Pittsfield. Since then the movement has spread into thirty-six countries.

The United States alone now has over 7,000 Clubs, with a membership of over 200,000 High School boys.

Mr. Sumner sensed the need of an organization for older boys in Pittsfield to discuss their mutual problems, and thus the movement was born.

The name Hi-Y chosen by the boys, was formulated using Hi for High, and Y for Y. M. C. A.

The purpose of Hi-Y is "To Create, Maintain and Extend throughout the School and Community High Standards of Christian Character".

The Platform is "Clean Speech, Clean Sports, Clean Scholarship and Clean Living".

The Objectives are (1) Personal Development, (2) Co-operation with the School Faculty, (3) Extension of the movement into other schools.

The program of the Clubs is primarily built around talks and discussions on problems of the High School Boy. Some of these are "Choosing a Career", "Why go to College?", "International Friendship", "Boy and Girl Relations", "How can we aid our School?" etc.

In addition to the discussions, social life and business sessions, several projects were carried out as follows:

(1) Collected clothing for needy students in the school, (2) Raised and gave money to the P. H. S. Athletic Association (Boys and Girls), (3) Sold and collected tickets for football games, (4) Ushered and acted as guides at Teachers' Convention, (5) Entertained visiting football squads before P. H. S. had a Gym (Also Hi-Y boys paid for towels and soap for each team), (6) Raised money for a Scholarship Fund, (7) Conducted Poster Contest to boost St. Joseph's Tournaments, (8) Provided good speakers for Assemblies, (9) Guest Nights held for non-members of Clubs, (10) Receptions for Athletic Teams and Honor Students, (11) Faculty night to bring closer co-operation, (12) Held an Alma Mater Song Contest, (13) Conducted Vocational Guidance Drive, (14) College Night, (15) Secured scholarships for students. These are among the many fine things accomplished in the past few years.

In order that the Clubs might be more effective this year, requirements for Membership include such items as these:

1. Hearty sympathy and accord with the purposes and objectives of the Movement.
2. Actions and living in accord with the Platforms and Purposes of the Club.
3. Potential qualities of Leadership.
4. Hearty sympathy with everything that will make for a better "School Spirit".
5. Co-operative and helpful to the Faculty.
6. Interested in extra curricular activities.
7. A passing student with a desire for good scholarship and appreciation of the best in education.

New members are elected by the club members, with no restrictions as to race or creed. "Y" membership is not compulsory.

Although the clubs are not officially connected with the school, they have rendered valuable service each year, and have tried hard to be sympathetic and co-operative with all that would make for a better "P.H.S." Two sister clubs also meet weekly at the Y. M. C. A.

DESIRE

I want to feel the frenzied rain
Pelting against my face;
I want to challenge the elements
To a most exciting race.

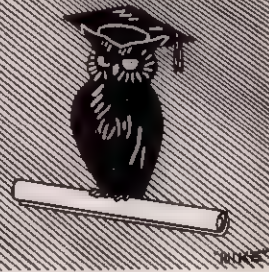
I want to run with the wind in my hair
On the starlit paths of the night;
I want to visit woodlands dark
With the moon for my guiding light.

I want to climb the mountains high
When the air is crisply cool;
I want to swim in every stream,
And wade in every pool.

I want to roam to "God knows where"
I want to touch the highest star.
I want to blaze a brand new trail
Where glory and adventure are.

Marguerite A. Donna

A Word from the Wise



Ed. Note: This is the first of a monthly series written by faculty members on any subject they desire. Miss Catherine Nagle, of the Latin department, has kindly consented to write the first article.

CUCULLUS NON FACIT MONACHUM

"The Cowl does not make the monk"

THE OPENING of a school day finds some 1600 pupils, each in pursuit of a single objective in his own field, whether it be Science, Art, Mathematics, or a business career, entering our beautiful high school.

My attention was attracted to two Seniors arriving with this group, who were proudly displaying their class rings. Their conversation caused me to reflect upon the real meaning of the class ring.

The thrill of receiving the ring, that emblem which will in the future distinguish one as a High School graduate! How many of us entertain this most erroneous idea—that this ring is the sole means of setting a man apart from his fellow men as one advanced in wisdom?

I wondered how many of these disregarded entirely the primary objective of education, which has been defined as "the offering of means whereby the physical, intellectual and moral life is becomingly developed," and considered themselves qualified to wear that ring merely because they had been passing to and from this building over a period of years.

It is not by this symbol alone that the average person is judged on his intellectual advancement. He may be adorned with every outward display of attainment but these are transient and trivial when the acid test of time valuation is tried.

How many of these have entered upon their high school career with every good intention but because of some inadvertence to study have allowed themselves to deteriorate into this group: per exemplum—the student of Latin who has approached his teacher and asked—"Shall I continue my Latin? I have already taken two years of Latin and find it difficult; since I do not expect to be a Latin teacher would I not be using better judgment to discontinue Latin and take a more 'practical' subject? And then, too, have we not had great statesmen and men very successful in public life who have no classical training at all, or at most, have had little acquaintance with the classics?" How unfortunate for this student who did not realize how very practical the subject of Latin would prove to him in his other subjects. How unfortunate for him to become discouraged and seek the path of least resistance only to discover when too late that he forfeited a valuable tool in Latin, toward fortifying himself for the Future, and because of his lack of persistence attempted the same course in his other subjects.

This difficulty is not peculiar to our age or to Latin alone. Of Latin, however, Cicero in his "pro Archias" has said in part, "I grant that many a man without liberal training has shown a wondrous spirit and marvelous ability and by the very bent of his nature, well-nigh

divine, has of himself stood out in sharp relief as a man self-controlled and steadfastly moral. And yet I maintain with might and main that when to natural abilities out of the ordinary there has been added the systematic moulding that results from liberal training (the study of the Classics) then, and not till then, there comes into being an indescribable something glorious and unique."

In the book entitled "The Culture of Thomas Jefferson" by Mr. Fred Irland we find a list of books of Greek and Latin in Jefferson's library. Mr. Irland states that the editions of Cicero show more wear of the pages than any other of the two thousand remaining volumes.

It is true there are examples of men who have made brilliant achievements in all the corridors of life without any other science or training than what they had derived from conversations and intercourse with society. But who can say what these men would have been had they started on the shoulders of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, of a Locke or a Bacon? To sum the whole, therefore, it may truly be said that the classical languages are a solid basis for most, and an aid to all the sciences.

A psychologist has said that the average person uses only about one-tenth of his brain power. This nine-tenths of dormant mental energy should be aroused. Just as athletics plainly develops and improves the physical and makes strong and active bodies capable of resisting physical weaknesses, so, too, the pursuit of Latin creates mental gymnastics which make for a fuller life. The study of Latin is "a training school that stirs, stimulates, and quickens mental activity."

THE FRAGRANT PINES

I love the tangy smell of the pines
When their needles are wet with rain;
It's so poignantly fresh and so fragrant
That it thrills through every vein.

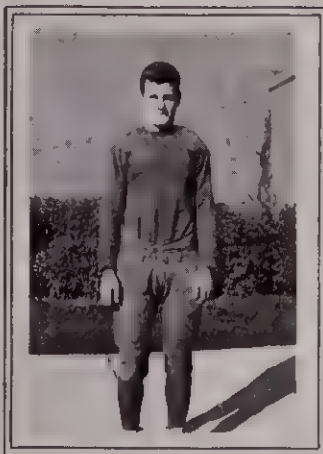
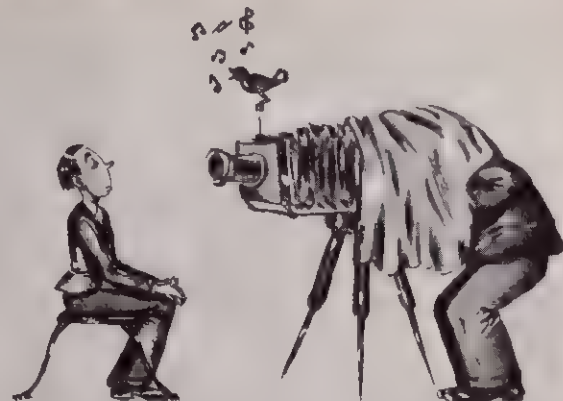
It makes the heart beat faster
With a swift, exultant surge,
And it makes the pulses quicken
With some half-barbaric urge.

And life seems more worthwhile,
More happy, enchantingly new;
Just living makes me want to smile,
And sing, and laugh, and love, and do.

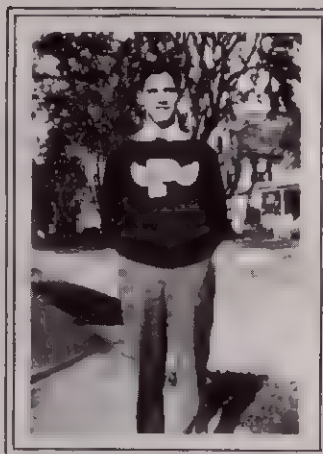
So I love the tangy smell of the pines
When their needles are wet with rain,
When fantastic urge and exultant surge
Go pounding through my brain.

Marguerite A. Donna

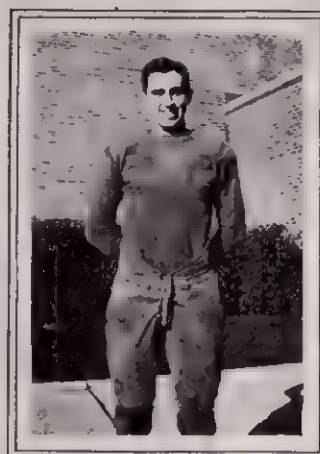
Who's Who in P.H.S.



John Kellar



Irving Michelman



Stuart Cosgriff



John Adams



Hugh Downey



John Gull

And Why

JOHN KELLAR

John Kellar is this season's captain of the mighty purple and white gridiron warriors. He hailed from Pontoosuc Junior High, and is at present a Senior at P.H.S. His remarkable efforts in the tackle position have caused him to be mentioned for "All Berkshire" honors. Coming from a family of many aspirants for athletic acclaim, he is usually seen through the frightened eyes of our foes as 180 pounds of P. H. S. charging down the field.

Peter J. Barreca

IRVING MICHELMAN

In athletics he excels—

Meet him at the track.
Is he an artist?
Cartoons he does not lack.
His new office assigned him,
Editor of THE PEN.
Let him build it up and
Make it the best again.
At Plunkett and at Central he surpassed.
Now may his illustrious work forever last!

Betty Bickford

STUART COSGRIFF

Stuart Cosgriff, a Pomeroy product, has blazed a trail of constant prominence throughout his high school career: Assistant manager of baseball and STUDENT'S PEN member in his Sophomore year, manager of basketball and class vice president during his Junior year, he is now Senior A president, a member of the football squad, and president of the Senior Hi-Y. The winning smile and pleasing personality of this six-footer have served him in gaining hosts of friends among his fellow students.

Mildred Klein

JOHN ADAMS

John, the popular Senior B president, is known to almost every upper-classman in the school. As a Junior A he was class president, honor student, and a member of the forensic society. His early education, before entering P. H. S. was obtained in the Boston schools. It is even rumored that he is a direct descendant of the colonial leader, John Adams. Sophomores, if they have not already done so, can identify him by his broad Bostonian accent. His plans after graduation are unknown, but it is reported that he will enter the ministry.

Stanley Carpenter

HUGH DOWNEY

All of you have seen Hugh Downey, well known Senior A, in one of his famous acrobatic poses on the auditorium stage or at one of the games pepping up the cheers. Not everyone, though, knows that besides being a cheerleader for the past three years and the present captain of the squad, he has also been on the Debating Team since 1931, president of the Debating Club 1932-33, a member of the ticket committee of the Junior Prom last January, and Secretary of the Torch Hi-Y last year. In spite of all this, "Jim" modestly flips the hair out of his eyes and says, "It was nothing."

Charles Kline, Jr.

JOHN GULL

John Gull, the choice of the Junior A class for president, is prominent in school athletics, being a guard on the basketball team and quarterback on the football team. He is the smiling, easy-going traffic officer on the west end of the third floor. Graduating from Central Junior High in January, 1932, he has since played a definite part in the activities of Pittsfield High School.

Betty Llewellyn



Book Lover's Corner

HAVE YOU READ IT?

"PRESENTING LILY MARS", Booth Tarkington
Doubleday Doran

The author of "Seventeen" and "Wanton Mally" and other favorites of ours has written this new novel; a bit different from anything of his that has preceded it. Lily Mars is a genius; the cover tells one that, but what a woman!! Impetuous, inclined to moods, temperamental, and very surprising is this creation of Mr. Tarkington. There is a love interest, but Lily marries the entirely unexpected person; there are pictures of the stage, but they are merely used as background for this very extraordinary woman. Tarkington lacks nothing of his previous style, but the humanness of his earlier novels is lacking, perhaps because humanness and genius are seldom themselves companions.

* * * *

"LOOKING FORWARD", Franklin D. Roosevelt
John Day Company

Mr. Roosevelt's hopes and plans for the "New Deal" are explained in this collection of speeches and writings made by our President before his inauguration last March. It is written in simple, non-technical terms that should be easily assimilated by people of high school age. In these thrilling days of the complete turn over of our economic system it is imperative that every one shall be well informed. This book should aid greatly toward obtaining the necessary knowledge. The Athenaeum has a copy.

* * * *

"ANTHONY ADVERSE" by Hervey Allen is still a best seller. On September 30th this popular novel had sold itself to more than 177,000 buyers. Farrar and Rinehart are the publishers.

* * * *

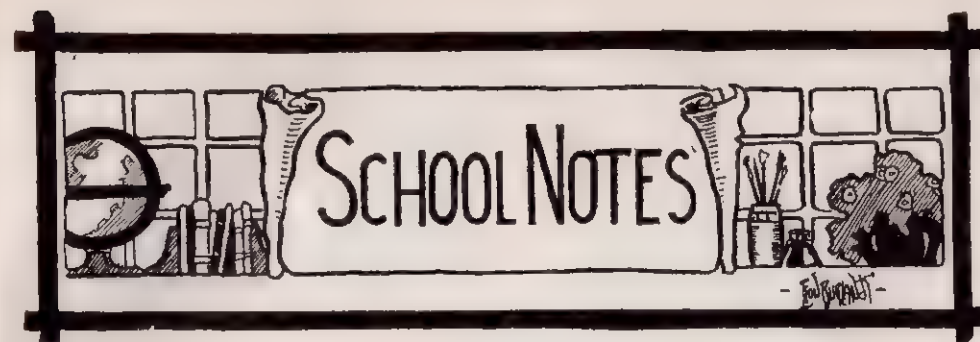
Muzzey gives him only half a line, but Cabeza De Vaca's story makes a fascinating book as written by Louis Bishop. He calls it "The Odyssey of Cabez De Vaca." If you think Robinson Crusoe had a tough time you want to read this and see what difficulties really are. A good Injun story and a valuable bit of history, too. The Athenaeum has a copy.

* * * *

The man who has probably made more people laugh than anyone else continues in this month's *Companion*, the record of his recent trip around the world. London, Paris, Vienna, all seen through the eyes of Charlie Chaplin makes some very good reading.

* * * *

The *Scribner's Magazine* for October contains a very enlightening short story by Majorie Kinnan Rawlings (South Moon Under, was her recent success) about people who are "sot" in their ways. Written in dialect, the work is quite suitably called "Benny and the Bird Dogs."



Charles Kline, Jr., Department Editor

Assistants:

Marguerite Donna, Richard Stevenson, Ritamae Stephenson
Peter Barreca, Frances Norton

NICKEL NOTES

Since the big assembly and rally for the nickel collection held September 29, the total money received jumped to \$60.00 that week, dropped off to \$53.25 the next Friday, October 6. Each of the upper classes has now pledged itself to support the nickel collection to the best of its ability until its graduation. Coach Carmody, representing school athletics, said laconically, "This is a wonderful increase. Keep up the good work!"

ELECTION RETURNS

During the past month three classes have met and elected their officers and committees. The haughty Senior A's picked tall, lanky "Stew" Cosgriff for their president; William Hosmer, Vice President; Helen Cranston, Secretary; and Marjorie Nicolls, Treasurer.

The Senior B's, one step down the scale, chose popular John Adams president for a second term. They also made "Jack" Block, Vice President; Carol Hayward, Secretary; and Viola Serawitz, Treasurer.

In the Junior A Class John Gull finally won the much contested presidency. Lester Balmer was elected Vice President; Dorothy Gillette, Secretary; Dorothy Hudleston, Treasurer.

Another important group recently appointed is the Senior B Ring Committee, composed of the following: Bruce Burnham, Chairman; James Ryan, Kenneth Ritchie, Ellen Jackson, Helen Pagery, William Zarvis, and Dorothy Quirk.

INTELLIGENCE TEST

The Termen Group Test for Mental Ability was given during the past month to Junior A English classes taught by Mr. Joyce and Mr. McKenna. These two groups are studying "Macbeth", each by a different method. By the experiment it is hoped to measure the classes with regard to ability, first in general intelligence and achievement; then, by a specially devised examination, in knowledge of the play.

The results will make up the greater part of a thesis in Education now being written by Mr. McKenna. The pupils have been assured that no names will be used.

ODDS AND ENDS

The Music Department, under the direction of Mr. Charles Smith, is practicing for an evening concert to be given in January. A small admission will be charged.

There will probably be a program of student assemblies this fall similar to those held last year. Plans are yet indefinite, but the office would appreciate suggestions as to possible speakers.

CHEERLEADERS

Hugh Downey, the Captain of the Cheerleading Squad, has just announced the complete squad for the coming year, as follows: Hugh Downey, Captain; Hart Gleason, Mather Neil, Richard Burdick, Victor Olsen. Captain Downey, when interviewed, especially urged that students learn the cheers and songs and cooperate with the leaders. For this reason we publish here a complete list of

PITTSFIELD HIGH CHEERS AND SONGS:

CHEERS

ACKA-LACKA-CHEE

Acka-Lacka-Chee, Acka-Lacka-Chow;
Acka-Lacka-Chee-Chee-Chow-Chow-
Chow!

Booma-Lacka, Booma-Lacka

Sis-Boom-Bah!

Pittsfield! Pittsfield! Pittsfield!

GIVE 'EM THE AX

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax;
Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax!
Where? Where? Where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck;
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck!
There! There! There!

SHORT CHEERS

The Siren: Long whistle—Boom!
Pittsfield! Rah!

Crescendo: Piiiiitttsfield!

Fight! Team! Fight!
(Started by Students)

Pittsfield with two sides:

P-I-T-T-S F-I-E-L-D

P-I-T-T-S F-I-E-L-D

P-I-T-T-S-F-I-E-L-D!

Pittsfield! Pittsfield!

Team! Team! Team!

Hi-ZEP-ZIP-ZO

Hi-Zep-Zip-Zo,
Yea Bo, Let's Go!
Pittsfield High School
Team! Team! Team!

Second Time—Repeat—Faster
Third Time—Repeat—Very fast

LONG PITTSFIELD

Piiiiitttsfield! Piiiiitttsfield!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Piiiiitttsfield!

Team! Team! Team!

LONG FIGHT

Piiiiitttsfield! Piiiiitttsfield!

Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Fight! Fight!

Piiiiitttsfield!

Team! Team! Team!

WITH A P AND A P AND A P-I-T
With a P and a P and a P-I-T and a
P-I-T-T-S;
And an F and an F and an F-I-E and an
F-I-E-L-D!
Piiiiitttsfield!
Team! Team! Team!

CHEER ON OLD PITTSFIELD

Cheer on old Pittsfield,
Pittsfield will win;
Fight to the finish,
Never give in!
Rah! Rah! Rah! (unaccented)

You do your best, boys,
We'll do the rest, boys;
Fight on to victory!
Rah! Rah! Rah! (accented)

SLUM AND GRAVY

Sons of strife and danger,
Will you let a stranger
Take from us a victory?

Sons of strength and courage,
Foes cannot discourage,
Fight your way to victory!

Onward, onward, carry on the fight!
Forward, forward, the Purple and the
White!

Pittsfield High for glory,
Though it's tough and gory;
Carry on to victory!

MARCH DOWN THE FIELD

March right on down the field, fighting
for Pittsfield;

Crash right through (name of other team)
line, their strength to defy.

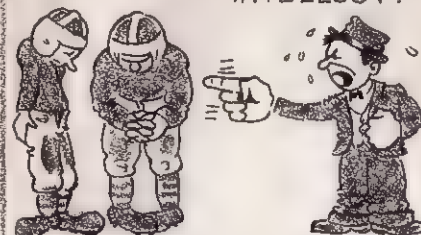
Then give a long cheer for Pittsfield's men,
they're here to win again;

(Name of other team) men may fight to the
end, but we will win!

SPORTTUTORIALS—The Grand Old (?) Man of P. H. S. . . . By IRVING MICHELMAN

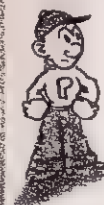
COACH CARMODY

"I WISH YOU LEATHERHEADS
WOULD REGISTER SOME
INTELLECT!"



HIS TECHNIQUE IS FAMOUS!!

HE HAS COACHED
AT DIFFERENT
TIMES P.H.S.
TEAMS IN
BASEBALL,
FOOTBALL,
BASKETBALL



TRACK, SOCCER,

TENNIS
AND GOLF

"MIKE"
MICHELMAN



SOPHIES REGARD HIM WITH AWE



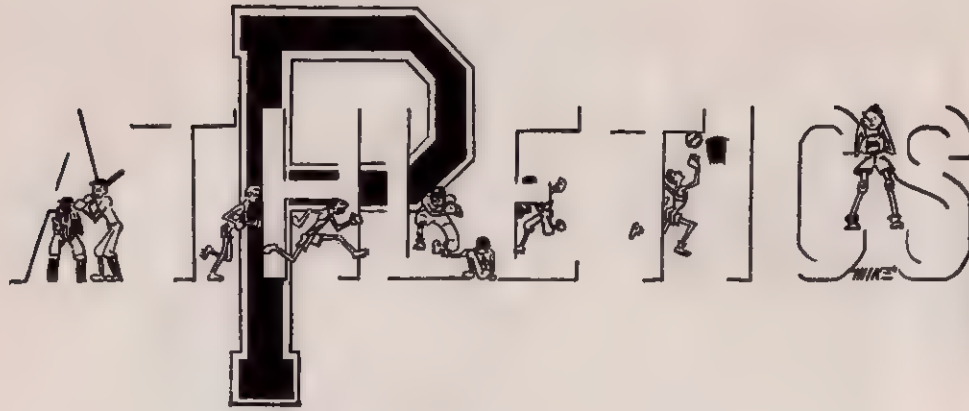
JUNIORS " " " RESPECT



SENIORS " " " ADMIRATION

The handsome features of the distinguished gentleman above are the personal possessions of none other than John Carmody, the most colorful and beloved character in the annals of P. H. S. athletics. After a brilliant athletic career at Holy Cross and subsequent service in the World War, Mr. Carmody became connected with Pittsfield schoolboy athletics, in which capacity he still serves. Now the Physical Director of the High School, he was for a long spell active coach, and what a coach he was! Dyed-in-the-wool fans happily recall some of the glorious championship teams he handled. He likes boys, and boys like him; a happy medium. As an extemporaneous speaker, few equal this good-natured, big hearted Irishman, who may be sporting a trifle excess avoirdupois amidst but can still do a handstand with the best of 'em.

—Next Month: P. H. S.' Outstanding Athlete



ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Lee at Lee	October 21
Adams at Pittsfield	October 28
Drury at North Adams	November 4
Williamstown—pending	November 11
St. Joseph's at Pittsfield	November 23

SPORTS OUTLOOK FOR '33-'34

The sky is blue. Dame Fortune has smiled upon us. Glance over the men available in our four major sports—football, basketball, baseball, and track—it seems as if all of our teams will be made up of able veterans.

On the football horizon, Pittsfield looms as a strong contender for the Berkshire County title. Of course, there is that highly touted Williamstown team to consider. Reports have it that they possess a hard running backfield with a tricky offense plus a powerful line. Coach Sylvester's team will have to be watched. Then also, there is the Adams game. Those two games will be tartars and will undoubtedly decide the struggle for the title.

Our championship basketball team seems pretty well intact. There are available until mid-year graduation those sterling hoopsters: Controy, Barnini, and Phelan. These men with the aid of Johnny Gull and Henri Beauchemin compose a team of veterans. Basketball should not give Coach Stewart many gray hairs.

In the baseball squad many positions have been left vacant because of graduation. These vacancies, however, will be ably cared for by a group of capable players uncovered during the summer. We should emerge with an excellent team.

The track situation, however, is more difficult. Coach Carmody faces the necessity of discovering sprinters able to do better than win a fourth place. Pittsfield High has not had a good group of sprinters since the graduation of Bart Hendricks and Joey Abrahams. To build a track team,—that is, a winning track out of the material at hand—is quite a task. To make the situation even more difficult, we will lose our weight men by graduation. Our high-jumper who won the county meet last June, will be available again. Track, however, at Pittsfield High is a sport just recently revived. It is in its infancy and we know that if anyone can give us a winning track team, that man is Coach Carmody.

Last year several new teams were organized to exploit tennis, hockey, and golf. We urge that these teams be continued and that more matches be arranged for the teams. There are excellent possibilities for Pittsfield High to capture new honors in the field of sports. Let's go and do things!

FORMER P. H. S. ATHLETES WHO STILL CARRY ON

Now that the football season is fairly well advanced, let us for a moment, glance over the lists of pigskin luminaries at the various institutions of higher learning throughout the country. After scanning the honor roll for one full minute, we realize that a goodly number of former Pittsfield High School students are still "carrying on" and are still applying the fundamentals of his gridiron as taught by the once star Colgate athlete, Charles E. Stewart.

The youth in the public eye at the moment is the versatile Tommy Curtin who wore the Purple and White jersey not many seasons back, as the All-Berkshire quarterback, and who is now at Yale University. Several weeks ago, Tom, after replacing the veteran Lasiter in the back field in a game against the Maine State rival, engineered the oval to the thirty-yard strip from which point a fellow-back scored a touchdown. Here's hopin' Tommy lands a regular berth.

No, we haven't forgotten brother Jack Curtin who is upholding the family tradition at Choate School. Jack has a first string assignment on the line, and, of course, will soon go to Yale to assist Brer' Tom in the management of the Eli eleven.

And that end who moved like the wind—Floyd Hinckley who has matriculated at Wilbraham. Floyd, in the regular line, last week played against the Robbins brothers, who are at Berkshire School.

And in passing we might mention Bill Murphy, who as a freshman at Lock Haven Teachers' College, Pennsylvania, was made a member of the 'varsity track team. As a harrier, Murph was a success, so much so that this fall he reported for football at the request of the mentor. Reports have it that he is on the regular squad as a plunging halfback.

Thirty miles from where Murphy is located, we find the abode of Roger O'Gara and Jim Fraser. These youths are also out for football at the Bucknell Institution. (P. S. Jack Roser, our former hockey star, is also enrolled in this college).

Another Pittsfield man who deserves mention is the former captain of the Williston Prep eleven, Larry Peterson. Pete, who departed from P. H. S. several years ago to gain experience in the college of life, is now at Colgate. He is a regular on the freshman eleven and promises to be a sensational performer. A Boston paper recently said that he was a "natural". Jack Head, orchestra leader and hockey putter of '33, is enrolled at this institution.

We wouldn't slight the girl athletes for the world. No sir, not sport writers for THE PEN. Jean Roser, who was in many gymnasium exhibitions and who was on the soccer team, is with her brother at Bucknell U. She is out for freshman athletics. And Sylvia Hendricks, also of "gym" exhibition fame, is at Smith College where first year sports are her pet hobby. Last, but not least, is our own Babe Didrickson, Louise C. Zahn. "Do-Do" has not departed for college but is anxious to form a girls' basketball team in the city. The line forms to the right. . . .

Next month you will be treated to more dope on former Pittsfield High School luminaries. Until then, remember: clean sport adds to a school like ours.

FOOTBALL

PITTSFIELD LOSES TOUGH OPENER

Poughkeepsie 6—Pittsfield 0 At Pittsfield, October 7

After uncovering a brilliant offensive and carrying the ball from their own forty-yard line to Poughkeepsie's fourteen, our boys attempted a place kick which was never more than two feet off the ground. As it rolled along the ground Relyea of Poughkeepsie snatched it up and with Pittsfield men in a veritable daze, streaked along the sidelines for the only score of the game. Despite the loss of the game, Pittsfield exhibited much power. Our forward wall especially was well nigh impregnable. The backfield functioned in an impressive manner and there were signs of an excellent aerial attack which will be mighty dangerous to our opponents.

In this game, a line smasher of great promise was uncovered in the person of Walt Mahauski. He ripped off several beautiful gains by means of his powerful lunges through the line. To pick an outstanding man from our line is a difficult task. It is best to say that we have a fine forward wall and that every man in it is a star.

In the backfield Gull, White, and Mahauski played well. Crevino on the line and Relyea and Prieste in the backfield were outstanding for Poughkeepsie.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD HIGH		POUGHKEEPSIE HIGH
Controy	l.e.	Preztak
Kellar, Balmer	l.t.	Crevino
Simmons	l.g.	Pedatelli
Phelan	c.	Rielly
Kazberovich	r.g.	Bralik
Head	r.t.	Cecchini
Barnini	r.e.	McLaughlin
Gull, Hughes	q.b.	Key
Blake	r.h.	Relyea
Mahauski	l.h.	Ligouri, Prieste
White	f.b.	Newkirk

Score: Poughkeepsie 6—Pittsfield 0. Touchdown—Relyea. Referee: Harold R. Goewey, Pittsfield. Umpire: Art Pharmer. Head Linesman: Ned Coakley.

WE LIKED

- the slam bang way Walt Mahauski made the first tackle of the season.
- the heads up game Johnny Phelan is playing. After Captain Crevino of the visitors had blocked a Pittsfield punt, Johnny promptly pulled us out of the hole by intercepting a Poughkeepsie pass.
- the way in which the line played against those Poughkeepsie huskies. They averaged one hundred eighty-five pounds but even with that weight advantage you managed to "Paint Poughkeepsie's line Purple."
- that part of the line between Simmons and Kellar.
- the smashing drives of Walt Mahauski. Nice work, Walt.
- the speed with which Johnny Gull circled the ends. He also did a fine job directing the team.
- the passes which Buck White whipped around the gridiron with such speed and accuracy.

PITTSFIELD DEFEATS CLASSICAL HIGH

In a game marked by much passing, Pittsfield High defeated Classical High of Worcester October 14, on the Common. Our boys scored first on a forty-four yard march down the field. Blake scored on an end run. On this drive Kidney, Mahauski and Gull uncorked some very nice gains. Classical tied up the score in the third quarter when Curtin intercepted a Pittsfield pass and advanced the ball to our thirty-five-yard line. Curtin promptly uncorked a pretty pass to Gibbs, who ran the ball over our goal line for Classical's lone tally. The try for the extra point failed as had the Pittsfield attempt. In the last quarter with the score six all Beauchemin batted a Classical pass into the hands of Johnny Phelan who ran with it to our forty-five-yard line. After a series of plays which netted us considerable yardage, Buck White tossed a pass to Controy, who advanced the ball to the six-yard line. Three plays at the line brought the touchdown. White was the scorer. In the closing minutes of play Classical uncorked a series of short flat passes which set our boys back on their heels, but fortunately the game ended before Classical could capitalize on the play. Outstanding in the Pittsfield backfield were Gull, Mahauski, White, and Blake. The entire line played a fine game. Curtin and Gibbs played well for Classical.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD HIGH	CLASSICAL HIGH
Barnini, Marra, l.e.	r.e., Almgren
Head, Balmer, l.t.	r.t., Perkins
Kazberovich, l.g.	r.g., Healey
Phelan, c.	c., Statkus
Simmons, Plouffe, r.g.	l.g., Nestre
Kellar, r.t.	l.t., Kiljansk, Hutchinson, Downes, Sadowski
Controy, r.e.	l.e., Williamson
Gull, q.b.	q.b., Curtin
Mahauski, Blake, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Boocky
Blake, Beauchemin, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Gibbs
Kidney, Beauchemin, White, f.b.	f.b., Lucason

Score: Pittsfield High, 12—Classical High of Worcester 6. Touchdowns: Blake, White, Gibbs. Referee: Harold Goewey. Umpire: Charles Salo. Head Linesman: James McNeice. Time: ten minute quarters.

WE LIKE

- the way in which "Fat" Simmons holds up his part of the line. Fine work. It is early yet to predict the all-Berkshire team but here is one man we'll put our nickels on. All western Mass.?
- "Cap" Kellar's playing for its all around effectiveness. His outstanding play was the blocking of a Classical punt. This play was instrumental in the initial score.
- Johnny Phelan's work because he again played the game as it should be played in a wide awake manner. He pulls the team out of holes when it needs to be pulled out.
- the way in which the entire backfield functions. Special mention goes to Jerry Blake, Walt Mahauski, Buck White and Johnny Gull.
- the cheers led by the C. C. C. boys better than those of our own high school section. What's the matter?

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls in Pittsfield High School keep pace with the stronger sex in the field of athletics. Since the erection of this new building many sports have been made possible which before were not practiced. With the beautiful gymnasium, athletic field, and permanent physical instructors, such sports as basketball, hockey, tennis and track have come into prominence. Thus far these games have only involved intramural teams, but it is hoped that in the future outside teams will clash with varsity teams composed of Pittsfield High School girls.

The sports so far this year have included a tennis tournament, which was played off at the G. E. courts. Two matches are played daily if weather permits. The semi-finals have not yet been played off. Beginners' tennis for Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors is a new activity. Miss McLaughlin teaches a group of girls the fundamentals of the game every day in the gymnasium or on the sport's field.

The School Girls' swimming team has not yet swung into action but a good season should be assured, with the following veterans on the team: "Dot" Poulin, "Dot" Choinierre, "Micky" Flynn, Lloydanne Perry, Claire Germaine and Mary Dunn. Last year this team won in the triangular meets with St. Joseph and Alumnae teams. The girls on the winning team were awarded letters.

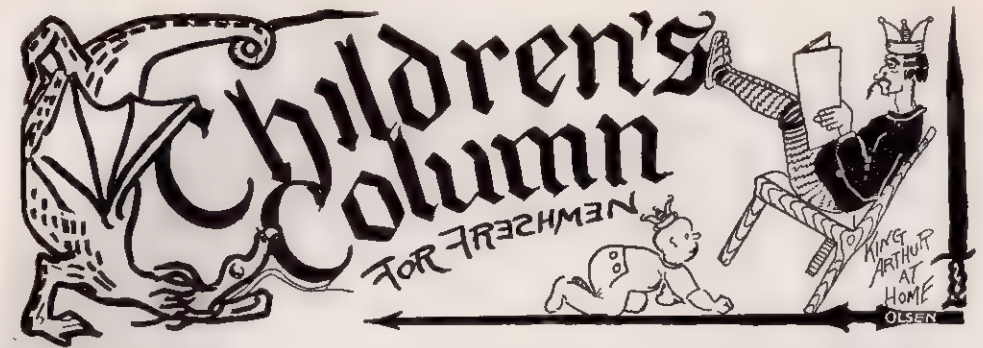
The method used in awarding letters, numerals or monograms is worked on the point system. Certain credits are given for going out for a sport. If a girl makes a team, she is awarded a set of numerals. If she plays on the winning team, she receives a letter. There are various ways for earning points toward letter awards and no girl must excel in sports to receive a letter, but she must try.

Thus far there has been outstanding co-operation and eagerness on the part of the girls for the various sports and athletic teams, but for the improvement and continuance of girls' athletics in Pittsfield High every girl should make an attempt at some team. There are never too many applicants for a team, because more teams can be formed. Let's have more girls out for athletics and clean, outstanding girls' teams. The boys have set a good pace, girls, keep it up!

Ida Lightman

PITTSFIELD "SECONDS" LOSE TO HOTCHKISS

Pittsfield High sent a squad of untried gridsters to Hotchkiss and although they were swamped fifty-nine to a goose egg, several promising players were unearthed. Standing out especially was the work of the sophomore backs—Trepasz and Sharkey. Beauchemin played a fine game. His passes were very effective and because of this ability, he will probably see much service with the varsity.



Ed. Note: Sophies may now come with their perplexing problems to Miss Marguerite Donna, new editor of the Children's Column. Miss Donna is keeping up the family name, as her brothers were former editors of the column.

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

IN DAYS of old, there was in the big city of Pittsfield an old chateau, commonly known as Pittsfield High School. Many and brilliant were the students who attended, but one there was whose intellect was stupendous. In fact, he was a madman. He and a fellow lunatic, who did not believe in being "modest violets", instituted a new department for that magnificent, creative magazine, called by the soul-stirring name THE STUDENT'S PEN. Their productions were superb!

Alas! They overworked their brains which soon ceased to function improperly. The readers were stricken . . . but not for long. An even more intelligent moron took up the great work which had been suspended. His mentality was astounding.

One day, however, a fly bit him, and he fell a victim of sleeping sickness (poor thing!?!). What could be done?

A P. G. of exceptional literary ability, not wishing that historic column to die an ignominious death, decided to inform the world of her talents, and to continue that most wonderful of the World's Seven Wonders—The Children's Column.

Marguerite Donna, P.G., B.G., E.S., W.W.

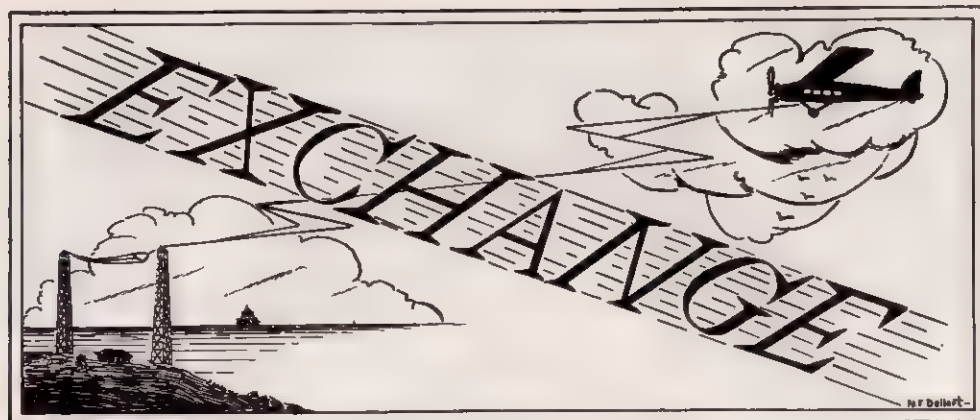
A FAIRY TALE

Oncet upon a oncet, they wuz a big, bad sophomore who thought he was just about "it." No, Oswald, I was not referring to you. You haven't the brains to think of anything. This bold rascal decided that he knew more than his teachers, and consequently left school. However, Rasputin, which was the sophomore's appellation, left a set of five commandments to those unfortunate fish who remained behind. (N.B. his fellow sophs). They are:

- I. Never do your homework (it will tire you out).
- II. Stay home on rainy days (the teachers won't miss you).
- III. Consult a fortune teller before every test. If he can't help you—chisel!!!
- IV. Don't be a piker. Remember your nickel weekly. (\$.05—a thoid of a package of Camels—that goes for you, too, girls).
- V. Bring presents to all your teachers. (As Mr. Meehan says, "It's wonderful what a little bribe will do.")

If you are all good children and promise to carry out these orders (No, I won't excuse you, Percival. Why, the very idea!) and eat your lunch in the cafeteria, and refuse to smuggle peanuts into your classrooms, I will tell you another fairy story next month.

the stewdints' fren, ant mardi



WITH the opening of the new school year, this department of THE STUDENT'S PEN wishes to announce that for the interest of the faculty and the student body, the most inviting and beneficial selections from exchange magazines, together with the regular criticism, will be published. It is our aim to interest the students of this school in the work of others and vice versa. We shall look forward to many months of close association with our exchanges.

* * * *

"Northern Light" from Alaska contains one article discussing a matter which is a problem to almost every high school student.

LEARN TO SPEAK

Someone said recently that a course in public speaking should be included in every high school curriculum. When we have to get up and speak and find ourselves stammering and stuttering, we certainly agree with him. How much nicer it is to listen to a person who can get up and speak fluently—a person who knows what he wants to say and says it.

Since we have no course in public speaking the next best thing is to learn to do by doing. And what better chance can we find than that of entering the coming declamation contest?

The time you will spend on teaching yourself the proper inflection of words, the correct way to act and stand while speaking, and the art of speaking clearly and fluently, will surely not be wasted even if you don't win a prize.

* * * *

"The Red and White" from Rochester, New Hampshire contains a bit of description that is worthy of the name it has been called, "an inspiration".

A MAGIC NIGHT

The shining white clouds in the deep-blue spaces of the late afternoon sky had changed to a pink hue and mysteriously vanished. A blue, solemn twilight silently stole over the world. The distant gurgling of a brook whispered a "good night" to the nodding violets on the cool green bank, and the flowers in the meadow were rocked to sleep by the soft night breezes. From the woods I could hear the last call of the whippoorwill to its mate, and the sound of an owl among the branches of a tall pine. The deep wood grew black and mysterious, and I could just catch the faint odor of woodland flowers. One by one stars appeared, and soon the moon, like a silver lantern, hung in the sky. Silver moonbeams

danced in and out among the trees and transformed the dark forest into a silver fairyland. The trees cast dark shadows on the soft, silvery, pine floor, and nearby a silver owl hooted in a silver tree. Far down in the forest, a silver, sparkling brook went on its way into more silvery woodlands. Who could not picture on this magic night, tiny elves and fairies dancing in the weird, silver moonlight?

But, alas this magic fairyland could not always stay, and soon a dawn of amethyst stole over the world, and the silvery fairyland vanished. Morning had come!

* * * *

The "Record" from Camden, New Jersey, has always delighted us with its joke department. From it we take

SNICKERS FROM THE FLICKERS

"The Crooked Circle"—A new Geometry problem

"Unashamed"—To bring home another "Flunker"

"Horsefeathers"—Class election speeches

LITERARY LAUGHS

"Much Ado About Nothing"—Trying to eliminate an ink spot from a test paper

"Break, Break, Break"—Dishes in the cafeteria

"The Pilgrim's Progress"—Marks of the Sophomore class

"A Trip to the Moon"—During a Latin class

SONG SIMILES AND SMILES

"We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye"—A new alibi for being "kept after"

"Say It Isn't So"—The football score

"I'll Never Be the Same"—After the football game

"A Great Big Bunch of You"—Homelessons, Homelessons, and more Homelessons!

"Was That the Human Thing to Do"—Assignments before a week's vacation

"You're My Everything"—P. H. S.!

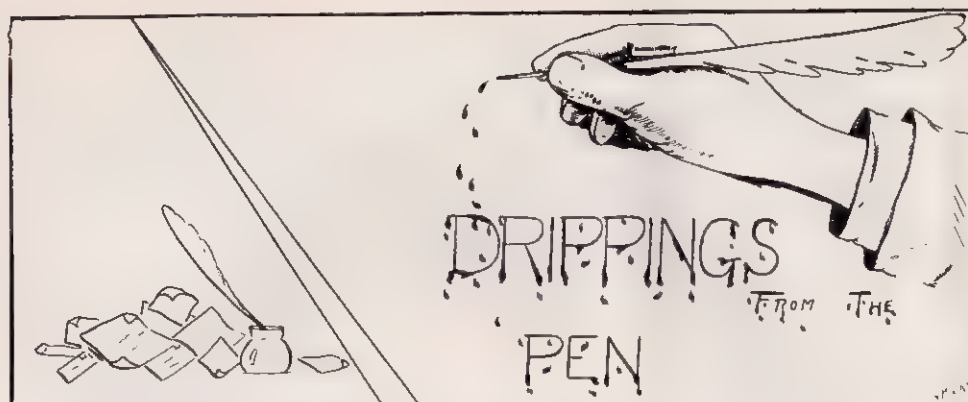
Mildred Klein

* * * *

From the "Taconic" of Williamstown, Mass., we take this clever contribution of poetry.

A DESERTED VILLAGE

The old dark streets of signs of life are bare,
Except the moss which fills the cracks and holes
Of crumbling houses, vacant save for moles
That burrow and prepare their winter lair.
The gaping doorways and black windows stare
At nothing, while as if from both the poles
The winds of winter o'er the rising knolls
Come rushing down and through the village fare.
And when a person acts so very old
That he cannot do things so skillfully
As in his prime he used to do quite well,
Most people shun him and to him are cold,
As they avoid a village which is free
Of human life, and which dark shades enfold.



Ed. Note: This column was originated in 1929 by Robert Newman, now managing director of the Dartmouth *Jack O' Lantern*, and discontinued when he left school. The new editor, Sally Brownell, is a newcomer to *THE PEN* staff—but take our word for it, Miss Brownell is one of the wittiest and prettiest girls who ever graced the corridors of our fair school. Watch this column.

THE HUMAN BRAIN is a wonderful organ. It starts working as soon as we wake up in the morning, and never stops until we get to school. (Orange juice ashamed of yourself!)

After discussing ways and means, calling together of various secret organizations, delving into a multitude of encyclopedias, and looking at the stars, we have come to the decisive conclusion that P. H. S. should present the football team with a great, big, calendar, accentuating just *which* is the first Saturday in the month of October.

Speaking of sports, we want to ask Hugh Downey and his fellow cheer leaders just how much they pay the unknown C. C. C. youth to relieve them of their cheering duties so that they can watch the game occasionally.

Speaking of sports, we are wondering how Mr. Lynch is going to decide when to give his class their next test, now that the World Series is over. Too bad there isn't one every day. (I mean a World series).

According to the principal's theories, food should be walked to and eaten leisurely. According to the pupil's viewpoint, food should be run to and gulped down. According to your stomach, . . . it's better left unsaid.

Then there was the little boy who was so interested in collecting moths that he went to the library one day, and, with the best of intentions, took out the book, "What Every Young Mother Should know" (??)

Miss Casey knows all about gum and seasickness. If information is needed, just chew gum in front of her. We guarantee a satisfactory result.

A.—"Want to hear a mushroom story?"

B.—"Go on."

A.—"Some fungi, eh kid?"

B. —"Mushroom for improvement."

Statistics taken from forty leading college games show that during one game of football an average of 150 plays takes place. Maybe this explains the beating our second team took at Hotchkiss.

Mistakes That Pass Unnoticed—By Some People
From *Heavy Weather*, by P. G. Wodehouse

"There was a soft note in the butler's fruity voice. He drew up the toe of his left foot and rather coyly scratched his left calf."

(He must have been double jointed! What a man.)

Then, of course, there is the Biggah story. Once upon a time there was a Biggah family—Mama Biggah, Papa Biggah, and Baby Biggah. Mama Biggah went away, so when night came Baby Biggah climbed into bed with Papa Biggah. Which was bigger, Mama Biggah, Papa Biggah, or Baby Biggah?

Ans.—Baby Biggah, because he was by Fa-ther Biggah.

Say, if you've heard any of these, for our own health, come around and tell us. We are at home between twenty of and forty after, if it rains three weeks from the sixteenth. And they lick lollipops!

The second football game of the season proved to be a victory that has encouraged us all. It has proved that we have a fine team representing our school. Every pupil in this building is backing the players. Keep it up!

Index to Advertisers

	Page
Berkshire County Savings Bank	Back Cover
Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Co.	42
Berkshire Office Supply Co.	1
Camp Gray Studio	1
Capitol Theatre	40
Cooper, George H.	43
Curtis, E. J., Inc.	44
Eagle Printing and Binding Co.	44
England Bros.	41
Farrar Studio	1
Federal Loan Co.	42
Florentino & Torckio	1
Henzel, George W.	43
Mack, Geo. L.	42
Morningside Bakery	42
Palace News	41
Park Soda Shoppe	42
Pittsfield Coal Co.	2
Pittsfield Coal Gas Co.	1
Pittsfield Co-Operative Bank	2
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute	40
Rice & Kelly	41
Shapiro Studio	2
Wellington & Crosier	43

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An interesting pamphlet entitled "Life at Rensselaer", also catalogue and other illustrated bulletins may be obtained by applying to the Publications Office, Room 008, Pittsburgh Building.

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